THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL.

Editor and Proprietor.

For The Lily.

For Clara's Album.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

A kindly wish for thee I frame
With buds and blooms of song,
That in the mind's parterre are found,
A fair and smiling throng.

Fair Clara, youth to thee is given
And faith and hope are thine;
And Time to work life's mission out,
And Love to crown the shrine.

The Angels of the heart sit throned
Within thy peaceful breast,
And in the innocence of truth
Thy hours and days are blest.

Mutation stamps on failing things
The fiat of their fall;
But oh! may change but lightly bring
Thy spirit in its thrall.

At least, though age may bring gray-hairs
And feebler frame than now,
May youth, reflected from the soul
Sit throned upon thy brow.

And CLARA, when before the shrine
Of memory, you bend,
A single thought at least bestow
Upon your minstrel friend.

Harlem, N. Y., 1856.

Written for The Lily.

The Child Watcher.

BY JANIE RANGER.

Yes! the piercing wind swept sternly across the plain. The snow and sleet was driven by the tempest into every crevice of the old time-worn building, where, upon a bed of languishing, was an invalid mother, awaiting the foot-fall of some angel of relief. Her case was hopeless. No kind angel was sent to the relief of the heart-stricken family, that night.

She would have looked upon *some* one, as a friend, but she was the wife of a drunkard. Her heart might sink within her; her little suffering infant breathe out its last suffering breath, and none but little Lizzie would be there to straighten its little limbs for the tomb.

How she wept and prayed, that a noble race of men might be reared, that feared God, rather than man, and that loved *the* souls of their fellow creatures, in preference to their money.

Lizzie drew the cradle closes to the dying embers, and covered the cold fingers of the suffering babe with a flannel wrapper, to shield it from the piercing wind that made every limb tremble with its cold, ruthless breath.

Oh! did ever a like scene occur. Is it true? that woman—angel-like, in her messages of mercy; must submit to trials of so appalling a character.

"Mother!" said Lizzie, "the baby is dying."

The room was cold. Lizzie had endeavored to keep her mother and the sick child as comfortable as she could; by wraping around them, all the scanty clothing she could gather from her wardrobe; the fire embers, in the stove, added not much to their comfort.

"The baby *is* dying, mother, I believe she is!" exclaimed the frightened little watcher.

The mother called in tones of bitter lamentation to her husband who was lying in one corner of the room, senseless and deaf with intoxication.

The little innocent breathed out its life in Lizzie's arms, and she alone straitened its limbs for its resting place in the grave.

The fuel was quite exausted, and now that baby was dead, the room appeared far more chilly.

The father, or rather beast, I should say; to brutalize himself to that degree, for the sake of fostering an appetite for the deadly foe, slumbered on—on until day break, heedless of all the misery he was inflicting upon the helpless members of his own family.

What a night for the child watcher. Alone to nurse the dying child. Without fire or sympathy from him, who should have had a measure full, to bestow upon his little faithful daughter.

But alas! the voice of misery is unheard by the thoughtless, unfeeling many, who love money far more than virture and happiness.

Poor victimized woman. Too long has she baffeted many a storm of intemperance, and if a smile of hope made radiant her joyful brow, yet a heavier sea rolled the dashing waters of disappointment over her hope, and she is censured as the weaker vessel.

Who pronounced the Prohibitory Law unconstitutional? Was it the mothers of sons waving the banners of fame? Was it at *all*, woman?—Are they guilty of so selfish and presumptive an act? Have they proved to the world that in this momentous question, that woman is weaker in intellectual powers that man. Have they not cried "sustain it, and save the world from degradation."

Was it the woman? the weaker vessels, who, daring and boldly assailed the well meaning individuals whose motives were pure in the honorable decision of the Prohibitory Law? Did they raise the cry of the unconstitutionality of that peace making law? No! far be *that*, from their innocent name. It was "man," their brother man, to whom they have ever been taught to look for advice and counsel.

Ah! the wife of the inebriate may pray on.—Earth has no ear to hear. Hark! the sensitive ear of Jehovah listens.

The desponding wife hears self reproaches from her conscience aroused husband, and he promises reform. The babe is interred. The wife smiles, Lizzie goes to school. Prayer unlocks the fatal gates.

For The Lily.

RANDOLPH, March 3, 1856.

MRS. BIRDSALL: I have long since been a regular reader of The Lily, anxiously looking for its prosperity. I have made efforts to increase its circulation, made the paper known where it was not known, induced young women who think and know but little of the social and legal oppression of married women, to become its readers.

A lady remarked to me when conversing upon the subject of intemperance, that "she had become convinced that if the world ever was reformed, woman must aid in the reformation." She had longed to find a paper published on the subject, and devoted to the interest of woman. She accidentally saw a copy of The Lily; how her heart beat quickly with joy, and how her spirit drank in the nourishment it so long craved, as she perused page after page and found each petal laden with arguments and encouragements for woman to seek a wider and nobler sphere of action for herself and the race. She introduced The Lily into her own neighborhood, and the result was that eighteen copies were subscribed for. I relate this circumstance so that the friends of our cause may follow this lady's example. There are no doubt many women who are ignorant of any such paper being published, whose minds are in search of something of the kind. I think it would be well to send copies of it to various post offices throughout the Union, and also to address copies to women whose names we have learned, although not of our acquaintance, and if they are in favor of its doctrines, it will be a welcome messenger, and they perhaps become regular readers of The Lily: on the contrary, if their minds have been dormant, or even opposed to the question as to what are the rights of women, they will be more apt to read the paper as it came from an unknown friend.

After all that has been said about man's oppression upon woman, the greatest enemy in my view, to our cause, is among our own sex. For whilst woman herself is content with her abject poverty, her entire dependence, her perfect neutrality and nothingness, and whilst she through her ignorance of her condition assures man that she has all the rights she wants, he will believe that it is only a few discontented spirits, that are trying to disturb the peace and happiness of the domestic circle. It is *woman* to whom we must lecture. —*woman* that must read The Lily. It is woman that must be convinced, and made to understand her false position to herself and humanity. It is almost useless for a few to petition the different Legislative bodies for that which the majority do not want.

When the women of Massachusetts, petitioned he Legislative body of that State for the elective franchise, they stated that it was "only a few thousand," and not the majority of the women of the State, who were petitioners. This was the objection they gave to granting the petition.

A young lady of considerable intelligence, was recentiy inquired of as to whether she had been to hear Mrs. Adeline Swift's lecture on "Legal Oppression," she replied, that she should go to hear no such lectures; she thought that the men were very generous to woman in providing admin-

istrators to settle estates of widows, they were not troubled with it, and this arrangement relieved the widows of a great burden; and besides, women were not capable of attending to business of that kind. It was her opinion that woman had better be engaged in some other business than lecturing on "unjust" legislation.

Ah! that young lady may, like many others, be taught by sad experience, the severity of the law. She may learn that administrators are allowed six per cent. on the first thousand dollars, and less on the next, and can have the use of the money besides. She may also learn a whole estate can be used in the settling of it, and that it would be economy at least to be so educated as to transact all business matters pertaining to our own interests. It would be well for us to understand and if we chose not to do it ourselves, we should then know whether we were dealt with justly. I have never yet known a woman, after having had, at the death of her husband, her house ransacked from the rafter to th rat-hole in the cellar, having her small apportionment set off, and everything, even to her Gifts, appraised, oppose an alteration in the law. This is a dear school to learn in; but many learn therein. I hope the number may be lessened, and that women may be induced to examine these things for themselves. Wishing success to your labors, and prosperity to The Lily, I subscribe myself IRENE INNOMINATI.

For The Lily.

Letter from Mary E. Pease.

LEOSI, Mich., Feb. 6th, '56.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL:—I address you thus, because I feel our sentiments are *one*, and the tie that binds kindred spirits is a strong one, especially if they are reformers, for the masses are against them; but we are taught in the Bible that we should not "go with the multitude to do evil." O! that the time may be hastened, when ALL men shall do as they would like to be done by; i. e., to all the human family, without regard to sex or color. Our laws are a disgrace to republicanism, our religion dishonored, the Holy Scripture perverted, the laws of nature and of nature's God trampled under foot. Some of our great writers on common Law, affirm "that statutes against fundamental morality are void;" that "no human laws have any validity if contrary to the laws of God, and such of them as are valid, derive all their force, medictely or immediately, from this origin.al" Jefferson has well said, "The foundation of Republican Government is the right of *every* citizen, in his person and property, and in their management." Are we citizens of this Republic? No one will dare deny that the women of our land are human, intellectual and accountable beings.—Then what good reason can men have for not treating them as such? May God bless *you*, and give success to truth. I believe he will, for people are becoming tired of half-way work; and are beginning to demand the truth and the whole truth. Dodging and daubing won't do much longer in our cause, nor in the cause of American Slavery. I have long sense prophesied that the same fate awaits them both.

We need co-operative effort and prayer. When I pray for the millions in bondage at the South; I remember my suffering sisters at the North, and pray that God may speed the time when this professed land of liberty shall be such in very deed, when all its inhabitants shall be governed by *equal* laws; also that reformation may succeed reformation until ALL the human family shall be governed by laws based upon God's immutable word. In the first number of the Lily for this year, there appeared an article from the pen of Almira M. Smith; I hope we may have more of the same piece. Let *all* that read, remember, "Laws derive their power from the consent of the governed." But to my business.

Yours for truth and righteousness,

MARY E. PEASE.

P. S—If there are any females that lecture on Temperance or Woman's Rights; (the latter I should prefer, and one that is a *dress reformer* both in precept and example,) that pass over the Michigan Central Rail Road, I would tender them a cordial invitation, through the Lily; to give our little village a call. Here is a good place to sow seed that will bring forth fruit. Michigan Union College and Theological Seminary are located here, and students are collected here from diffrent parts of our country. Four weeks from to-day is the close of this term, but we only have one week vacation this Spring. * * * * I value the Lily. I would rather pay twice the subscription than be without it. If I had the means I would gladly donate many copies of your valuable paper.

M. E. P.

For The Lily.

LITTLE WIFE KATY.

BY MRS. H. M. TRACY CUTLER.

Gideon Miles, the schoolmaster, in the north district of Beartown, sat before the decaying embers of a huge log-fire, which had warmed one of the rudest log school-houses in Northern New York, and as he gazed upon the fading coals, he saw visions, and dreamed dreams.

And why not? Gideon was a bachelor turned of twenty-four, and there were among his scholars bevies of bright-eyed girls, with lips sweet as the honey-dew, and cheeks as fresh as new-blown roses. Gideon had an artistic eye. He could judge of the blending of colors, and the graceful rounding of outlines, with the taste of a connoisseur.

He was not made to be unmindful of beauty; certainly not if that breadth of forehead in the region of ideality were in the least to be relied upon, and here there was surely means of gratification. The first flutter of admiration had passed—the generalization of the sentiment had given place to more definite conceptions, and now the matter of choice, choice with the view to appropriation, was the thing he needed to consider candidly. But who ever knew love to choose deliberately? He puts out his arms blindly and embraces the object he chances to grasp. So says tradition, and adds he is jdst as likely to make a foolish choice as a wise one.

But Gideon Miles was very sure, very sure indeed, that he was not to be one of the victims of the blind god. He would choose with his eyes wide open. Did he not know very well the characters of all those school-girls, from oldest to youngest? Nobody could deceive him. There were Nancy Powers and Nelly Dorr, and Susy Green, all in the first class, and over twenty-one. They were all energetic, industrious girls, but they had too much purpose of their own; no, too much will, that was the word—*will*. Now a woman ought to have no will of her own. Her husband's will should be her pleasure—that was his theory, and it was John Milton's, too. None of the aforenamed candidates would answer; he must secure a more plastic nature—one that would rely upon him in all things.

He sat for a time in a pleasant reverie, the smiles of self-complacency dancing over his handsome features. Ah, Katy Downs! he has weighed and measured that susceptible little child's heart of thine, and he thinks its full measure of idolatry will just balance all his manly accomplishments.

Katy has beauty, too—a cheek like the ripe peach with its velvet down; lips modeled from half open rosebuds, and eyes like twin violets bathed in dew and sunshine. Such a figure too! He is not so very tall—Katy can stand under his arm. O what a round luscious figure is that embodiment of the soul of Kitty Downs. And she is just fifteen. She will never know any other flutter of the heart than that which his step will cause; there will be no other love to deplore when she finds life n little dull. No, no—Katy Downs is his body, soul and spirit.

Then Katy has the kindest way with children. No matter how cold her own fingers and toes, when she comes into the school room with all the little Downses, she takes off every mitten and sets the wee ones before her till they get warm, all the time smiling with the utmost complacency.

There you are right, Gideon Miles. Katy was put into the cradle to rock her junior by the time she was eighteen months old, and she has been nurse maid to her five successors, while her strong bustling mother has spun and wove, and raked hay, and tended garden, and milked the cows and made cheese, and kept things in order in the house.—Katy's grand relaxation since she was seven years old, has been to brinn water from a spring nearly a quarter of a mile from the house. With a sap-yoke across her neck, from which two large buckets hung dangling almost to the ground, Katy would go singing and laughing to the spring, while her mother missed the baby. Half an hour after, she would come back, almost out of breath, staggering under her heavy burthen, to be scolded for her tardiness.

This was a matter of course, and Katy had grown very philosophic. She never seemed to hear the rebuke, but commenced laughing and crowing with the baby as soon as possible, and when her mothhr vacated the rocking chair, Katy was sure to occupy it with the precious baby sister, who at least laughed back when she smiled.

It was a small world of dreams in which she lived, but it was very bright and warm with a heart full of little loves and little hopes. No one ever said to Katy, "Use your leisure moments for future good—lay up a stock of knowledge for the great wants of life; womanhood is grand and noble—life is God's high gift for glorious uses—be true, be great." No profession lay before her as a stimulus to quicken her energies—no hope of future greatness gave purpose to her childish endeavors—not even a trade, and through it the means of pecuniary independence, beckoned her in the distance.

But Katy was a mere child, only fifteen, and very childish at that. She could neither cut a garment, nor warp and get in a web of cloth. When the garment was cut and basted, her fingers were very nimble, and when a web was fairly got into the loom, she could weave like a sprite. Her mother never thought it possible for her to injure her constitution by hard work, and so encouraged great day's works to be boasted of through all the neighborhood.

Five yards of linen cloth was accounted a full day's work for an experienced weaver, and this Katy was allowed to do when only fourteen years of age. Once, when she was told that Nelly Dorr had woven six yards, Katy resolved to outdo her, and the next day she wove seven years. But this counted her more than she had counted. Palpitation of the heart, accompanied by a slight bronchial difficulty, followed her from that time, tho' her mother insisted that it was all nonsense to imagine that one day's work could do any harm.

Such had been Katy's life up to the time when Gideon Miles commenced teaching the winter-school. Three month's schooling, annually, abridged by a fortnight at the beginning, to get the children's winter clothes made, and Mondays to help about washing, and occasional days to wait upon company, or to help make sausages, or finish out a piece of cloth for linsey aprons, if the baby chanced to be cross, constituted all Katy's scholastic advantages.

Yet with all these drawbacks, she was the brightest scholar in scholar, not even excepting the great boys who have the chance of all the offices from highway surveyor up to the Presidency, to stimulate their manly ambition.

Quick as a flash little Katy spells the missed word, and walks from the foot clear up to the head of the class, looking up a great way to encounter the half-pleased, half-shamed gaze of the future sovereigns of this great nation. Then she can parse like a book, and strange to tell, can cypher as far as the Rule of Three in Dabol.

Surely Katy's education is finished. "What need of further discipline to fit her for the duties that lie in the pathway of a woman? So estimated Gideon Miles, as he sat before those decaying embers, till the white ashes had gathered over the coals, and the soft shades of twilight had like them gathered over the dying day.

Ah Gideon! pause a moment before you grasp that too bright-winged vision. Dost know aught of thy own needs for soul and body, through the long, and it may be, weary years of thy life's pilgrimage? Care and toil are born of wedded love, and patience must often take the watch which admiration once filled. Look into the future, young man, and see the object of present admiration old and gray and wrinkled, the delicate peach-blossom changed to the saffron tint, those bright eyes lustreless, and that form unsightly and decrepit, will thy heart beat then as joyously at the sound of that one voice? And is she prepared to be the wise and judicious mother of thy race? Marriage is no jest, friend Gideon—look at it with solemn, prayerful earnestness.

Look, too, at Katy's life when linked with thine. The laws as well as the custom of society, make her "yours to command in all things till death" releases the bond. How will the power be used? Will knowledge guide and consistency rule, or will desire control the poor helpless victim of legalized license? Will the young mind expand under the careful culture of your matured intellect? Will high thoughts of human relations give sublimity of purpose or nobleness of effort? Or will oft-repeated care and suffering blot out all the higher glories and almost erase the intellect of the premature woman?

Too late! too late for wise counsel to avail!—Passion has stirred the inmost depths of a manly nature, and it will give no rest till its object is possessed.

Every week day morning the school-master's heart flutters as he watches the little brood of Downses as they make their way through the snow, marshaled by Katy, darling little Katy, and all the day the magnetism of his love is applied to that susceptible heart, which soon learns to feel the force of this unspoken attraction, and to shrink with a sense of guilt, lest he should discover her idolatry. How the rich blood mounted to her neck and brow when she asks him to mend her a pen, and how her heart quivers (it flies too rapidly to say beats,) when he leans over her shoulder to try it upon her waste paper, bringing his bearded face so close to her own. Her breath quivers upon his cheek—he thinks it sweeter than the nectar of flowers.

Sabbath morning he dresses with unwonted care to take his place in the choir, all because she stands opposite, and the melody of their two voices will commingle as they ascend upwards to vibrate with the heavenly harmonies. He repeats the words of Byron:

> "I would not join a seraph's choir,
> Unless that voice could join the rest."

And thus he dreams on, through the delicious insanity of love, a waking somnambuli, walking he knows not whither, in the midst of his dreams.

Spring comes, and with a full declaration from Gideon Miles, and a frank though blushing acceptance from Katy. A few weeks more, and their marriage is consummated. The little girlish wife is installed mistress of a large household, for Gideon Miles has entered upon a new business—he has turned lumberman and merchant, and the clerks and sawyers must board at his house, and Katy its mistress, without aid or advice.

Gideon, for a time, thought nothing of leaden biscuits, burnt meat, and half-baked bread; but his men were by no means hallucinated, and he began to hear sly jokes and mischievous inuendoes of which his wife was the subject.

Poor weary little child, needing to romp in the green fields, and revel among the flowers, already the burthen of sorrow begins to fall on thy devoted head. Husband looks perplexed and ashamed when he sits down to his ill-prepared repast, and instead of the caress and the look of idolatrous love, the half suppressed frown gathers upon his brow. How tired she feels at night, and how early the lids droop over the violet eyes. But he is kind and tender when they are alone, and that keeps the weary heart beating on.

This lasts but a few months, for Gideon's capital is not sufficient for his undertaking, and a delightful smash ensues. Delightful to little Katy, for it releases her from keeping boarders, and sets her up as housekeeper in a little cabin, with only one room, and Gideon is transformed into a wood chopper for the remainder of the summer and autumn.

Next winter he will teach district school again, but never again will come the delicious dreamings of the last winter's life. Those are all sealed up in a great book to be perused by him, it may be in eternity.

A year has not rolled round—the blue violets have but just opened their eyes, when the little wife becomes a little mother. What a new thrill of joy electrifies Katy's heart as she presses the infant to her bosom, and peeps into its violet eyes, and pronounces them just like its father's. She is scarcely too old or too wise to take delight in a doll, and a real live baby to play with and talk to, is a childish joy, exalted only by her idolatrous love of her husband, in whom she still believes as at least the most perfect of men.

Her preparations for the welcome of the little stranger have been made just about as wisely as though she had expected a doll, and the first joy of the father at the birth of a son is somewhat modified by mortifying cares. Now he knows that Katy ought at least to have lived near her mother for a few years longer. But Katy is so faultless in temper, so very gladsome with her new charge, that his self-reproach soon vanishes, and he turns to his scholarly pursuits with his customary complacency. True his collars and pants look a little dingy, and he has a ways felt great pride in his personal appearance, but grumbling he finds does no good, for he has tried that till he is fully satisfied that nothing is improved by it, and he submits with becoming fortitude, and a little modified self-respect.

Katy never reads now. There is no time for any intellectual recreation—no thought that it is a duty to improve for the sake of the future. The difference between the two is daily growing wider, but neither regards the ultimate tendency. The father fondled his boy with thoughts of the future; the mother tosses him in her arms and laughs and prattles with almost infantile glee.

Eighteen months brought another new life to add to their cares and responsibilities. Gideon had changed his occupation and his residence again, and Katy had additional duties besides those involved by her maternal relations. She never thought of remonstrating. Her husband had ordered, and she obeyed, for she had been taught to believe in it as an implicit duty. But for a woman scarcely eighteen, with a constitution impaired in childhood by hard work, and the care of two infants and a half dozen workmen, it was too hard, and a fit of illness followed, nearly involving her own life and that of her babe.

Gideon thought himself sadly used by Providence when he found all the profits of his business swept away by doctor's bills and nurses hire, but he felt bound to submit, for he believed himself a Christian. Katy's recovery was slow, and her overtasked energies revenged themselves upon her stomach which had been treated to improper diet during her convalescence, and a dyspeptic affection succeeded, for which the doctor prescribed smoking. Gideon had relished tobacco for himself, but bah! to see a woman with a pipe between her lips! he had regarded it as altogether unendurable. But the doctor had ordered, and Katy must comply.

A few months more, and Katy might have been seen seated in her rocking-chair, with her baby in lap, and a column of smoke perpetually ascending from between her lips. Her figure is rapidly assuming an ungainly aspect. The first inclination to a stoop in the shoulders given by the old sap-yoke, is confirmed by rocking and tending a heavy child, and fever and tobacco have made sad havoc with the peach blossom on her cheeks. Her dress is slovenly—her home without order—her life all given up to mere animal joys and sorrows. People shake their heads and say, "Poor Mr. Miles, what a victim!"

But in the midst of dirt and rags and tobacco smoke, Katy ever preserves her old idolatry for her husband, through the long weary years of vicissitude that follow while she becomes the mother of fourteen children.

They are far brighter and better than one could hope, since through all her suffering and trial, and intellectual decadence, she has never ceased to regard her husband as a model man, and she has transformed her ideal to his offspring. No has she ventured to murmur—it was a decree of Providence, she has been taught to believe.

But what a life for her, for him, for them. In all save the merely physical, the children have been motherless. No order, no authority—nothing but the undying instinct of a mother's love, has rendered their lives tolerable in their homeless home. She has grown fretful as her mental faculties have declined, and her bodily energies decayed, and the younger ones have learned to speak disrespectfully of their mother, and laugh at her as a feeble termagant.

The children have not fallen into vicious habits, for they have never heard lying words from the lips of a heartless mother, for truthfulness has been Katy's saving virtue. But their fine natures have lacked culture—their energies have found no clear and wise direction.

The father and his sons laugh at the idea of Woman's Rights, and by their own fireside sneeringly remark, "Think of mother at the ballot-box—think of mother in Congress!" Little as poor Katy knows of State affairs—dulled as are all her intellectual powers, she feels the sarcasm keenly, and sometimes ventures a petulant retort, "wonder if father would have been so very wise if he had nursed fourteen babies, and never had a chance to go ten miles from home in his life, only on a load of household goods?"

"Father" feels the force of the remark, and says in a softened tone, "it is woman's place, and that is why she is not fit for public duties. St. Paul, you know, says: 'wives, be subject to your husbands.' That woman' rights lecturer is only making disturbance, and I do not choose that my wife and daughters shall have their heads turned upside down with such folly."

But Gideon Miles goes to hear so that he may answer; and long, long do the words ring in his ear, "Husband, father, lay your hand upon your heart and say whether you are willing to see your daughters sustain just such a relation to another man as your wife has sustained to you. All the suffering, all the care, all the privation of the most abject life, are implied by that law which gives the custody of the wife to the husband, so that he may cramp her faculties, dwarf her intellect, and take from her all noble incentives, save those of devotion to himself and children. When you are willing to be thus circumscribed yourself, then, and not till then, may you dare thus limit others."

A Piece for the Pocket.

Among the victims of the Henry Clay disaster, was Stephen Allen, Esq., an aged man of the purest character, formerly Mayor of New York, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. In his pocket-book was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy:

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any. When you speak to a man look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him. Drink no intoxicating liquors. Ever live—misfortune excepted—within your income. When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and easy gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation through fear you should not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt without you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., APRIL 1, 1856.

CARRIE D. FILKINS.—This lady, who is well known to a majority of our readers as a refined and accomplished Temperance lecturer—as well as a good, true woman, is on a lecturing tour through Indiana. Her theme is the grand one of Prohibition, and we earnestly commend her to its friends throughout the state. She will visit Richmond soon, probably about the fifth or sixth of this month. Ample notice will be given of her lectures and we invite our people to hold themselves in readiness to come out to hear her. She can be addressed at Richmond by those desiring the favor of her lectures. Such, will please write immediately; for as we are in need of such a visit and gladly welcome her to our city.

ERRATA.—In Mrs. Cutler's story published on the 2d page of this No. of the Lily, several errors were marked in the proof sheet and overlooked by the printers. We notice only those which destroy the sense—for "missed the baby," read, nursed the baby; for "wove seven years," read, wove seven yards; for "this counted her more," read, this cost her more.

☞ Miss ELIZA BISBEE, one of the editors of The Alliance, a Temperance paper printed at Columbus, Ohio, lately entered the Senate Chamber, as also the House of Representatives of that State, quietly and unobtrusively soliciting subscribers for her periodical. This was cause sufficient for an uncourteous parade of the circumstanee in one of the city papers, The lady intended passing over the remarks in silence, but a friend of hers, a member of the Legislature, wrote the following in her justification, which we find in the Alliance.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

I observed recently in one of the city papers, a notice of a "blooming and well dressed young lady" having the audacity to enter the Senate Chamber "alone" to solicit subscriptions for a new Temperance paper. The writer insinuates that there was, in his opinion, something improper in the "new operation," as he terms it. Why so? She had no reason, of course, to apprehend that venerable Senators would injure her, although she went alone and entirely unarmed. And as she was "young, blooming and well dressed," no Senator, of course, would be at all alarmed at the sight of her. Was she engaged in a bad cause? Surely not. It was a cause which underlies and involves the broadest, deepest and mightiest interests of the human race. Wherein, then, was the thing improper?

I suppose the writer thought she was acting outside of "woman's sphere," as men are pleased to call the little field in which they would have her live and die. In all ages and nations, woman has had her exact sphere assigned her, and its boundaries fixed and staked off by man. These spheres have differed very much one from another, yet it has always been one of limited privileges, inferiority, and subordination to man's will and purposes. The more benighted and barbarous a nation, the more servile and abject has been 'woman's sphere,' while as any people emerge from a barbarous state and become civilized, socialized, intellectualized and humanized, her sphere rises, and she becomes more and more emancipated from a servile thraldom, and approximates toward an independent individuality, and a political and social equality with man. Of course, if any nation shall ever become perfectly civilized, woman's sphere there will be equal to man's. From such facts, it follows that what has been called "woman's sphere," is not

The only plausible argument ever used against founded altogether in nature, but is arbitrary, and dependent on the ever-changing civilization of nations.

her equality is, that nature has given her less physical power. Nature has indeed made a little physical difference in the sexes. Therefore, the pursuits and avocations of the sexes should be regulated by this difference alone. As the natura inequality is only physical, the inequality of position should be only physical. Her sphere of action should be such as to employ and develope such faculties as nature has given her. It should be considered out of her sphere to perform herculean labors which require great physical strength. But in the field of brain, and whatever relates to the higher and immortal nature, she is and should be considered equal if not superior to man. She has as many senses as man, and they are quite as acute. Whatever useful art or occupation, therefore, requires the exercise of any or all of the five senses, other things being equal, belongs to her as well as to him. She has as much desire and ability naturally, to acquire and possess property as man; therefore she should have the same privileges and opportunities, so far as her physical nature will admit. She possesses the same perception of the beautiful and sublime; the same wondrous powers of reason and ratiocination—the same calibre and grasp of intellect; and the social capacities and tastes. Why not then have the same rights?

It has been thought by some, that nature has been less bountiful in intellect to the femenine sex, but when it is considered that till recently all colleges have been closed against her, that all the incentives to ambition in the fields of science and intellect have been denied her; and then when it is considered what she has achieved in spite of all these disadvantages, we are forced to the conclusion that nature has been even more generous to lovely woman than to man, if there is any difference. That she possesses as warm a heart, as affectionate susceptibilities, as deep spiritual sympathies, and as high moral aims, none will deny. Why then does not her real natural sphere embrace the whole field of private and public enterprise, which has for its object the elevation and good of mankind, and the increase of individual and public happiness? Let her have equal means of mental cultivation, and equal inducements and incentives to ambition, and she would soon evince that God and nature intended her to stand on the same platform, an equal companion and partner with man, and not his slave. What is socially or morally right for him, is equally right for her; and what is wrong in one, is equally wrong in the other, let the world say what it will.

A large proportion of the gentler sex has always been trained and doomed either to constant drudgery, or to fashionable amusements and enervating follies. Let her be generally educated to useful and noble pursuits. Let her understand that she has latent faculties to cultivate and develope. Let her rise to the high and controling sphere which nature designed, and she will then accomplish a glorious destiny in the improvement and exaltation of our race.

Man alone is but a piece—a fragment—a half of humanity, and he needs the other half by his side, with her smiles and indomitable fortitude, to strengthen his resolutions and share his aspirations and his toils. He will go heavenward when angel woman points the way, and cheers his path with the light of her genius, the power of her example, and the fascinations of her own loveliness. But when he attempts to go alone, he is too apt to go devilward, as he generally has done in political affairs.

Could educated woman become an equal arbiter in the fate of nations, especially of this nation, soon indeed would the brain maddening and bloody traffic in alcoholic liquors be prohibited. Soon, too, would the gigantic wrong of American slavery be abolished. It would be no longer necessary for tender mothers to cut their children's throats to protect them from the hellish despotism in a land which claims to be "the asylum of the oppressed, and the home of the free!"

MRS. FARNHAM IN CALIFORNIA.—A letter from San Francisco has the following: "Mrs. Farnham is lecturing on the Social and Intellectual development of Man. She is drawing crowded houses and receiving great applause from her hearers.—She intends to canvass the entire State."

A GRAIN OF THE 'ASSEMBLED WISDOM.'—When the subject of the Pages' salaries came up before the House the other day, it was proposed to fix the same at a certain sum per diem, whereupon a member from the interior arose and asked leave to have "the matter explained before going any further. There had been a 'heap' of talk about retrenchin' and reform, and he desired to know whether *so much per diem meant by the week or month, or for the term!*

For The Lily.

Letter from L. T. H.

Progression and human improvement appears to be the watchword of the day. I rejoice to see the cause of humanity advancing, if it is slow we think it is effectual. We certainly think that every truly sensible, intelligent woman, should read and investigate the true position of our sex.

Many tell us while we are advocating our rights, "to beware, lest we step beyond our sphere."—(Heaven forbid, that we should aspire to any sphere but that which Providedce has assigned to us). Such persons confine woman's sphere, merely to domestic duties alone. True the home circle should be the center of our interest and affections.

Yet have we not other duties and interests, asside from them? We feel that there some evils, existing in our land, that we would like to have a hand in removing, especially when we see the drunkard staggering in our streets. All we ask, is equal rights with our husband, or brothers in this matter. Are not our hope, our aims, our interests, the same? Why then should not our rights, our principles, be the same?

Many say that woman is ignorant in regard to the Laws of our country, politices &c.—but give her just and equal rights, and see if she does not inform herself in this matter; and see too, if it does not prove a blessing, not only to herself, but to her posterity after her.

Deriving their being and early culture from her, if her views are enlarged and noble; the same will be impressed upon the plastic minds of her offspring.

Who ever knew a great man to descend from a *weak-minded, ignorant* mother. Such a thing would be a paradox in nature.

It is idle to expect a noble, intelligent race of human baings to descend from women whose intellect has been cramped from their youth up to womanhood, and their genius destroyed as it were in the very germ. Who are looked upon, and taught to believe that their minds are inferior to man's.

But I rejoice to see the present age making rapid progress in regard to female education. But we think there is room for improvement in our Laws in regard to woman. Why should not she be recognized in Law, equal with man? At present she is a mere cypher in this respect; on equal footing with the idiot or child.

I cannot see why, if all men and women are born free and equal, why they do not live as equals, and why they should not be educated as equals, and have equal privileges in Law.

I do think that every married woman who comes into possession of property by their own acquisition, by gift, or by inheritance, should be permitted to use, retain, or dispose of it, in her own right; and that at the death of the husband, she should have the same right over her own children and the property, that the husband has when he is the survivor. L. T. H.

Williamsport, Ind.

For The Lily.

THE SEX.

The sex! What does any one of of us understand by "the sex?" What proportion of the female race does the word include in our ideas of its practical meaning? How many women do we mean to admit the existence of. as having a right and title to the exercise of that generous gallantry which we call a duty and a delight, when we speak of the sex? Just those comparatively few members of it, who can afford to employ the rest to wait upon their wills, and do their spiritings gently. The "sex," as the claimant of the exercise of gallantry, and the inspirer of devotional respect, means woman who hire other women as servants, and who don't live by arranging the caps and curls, or dusting the chairs and curtains of other people. Where were those gentlemen educated, and at what hour of the day may they be met with, and in what city of Europe do they chiefly abide, who are gallant and tender to a maiden with a mop, unless with a view to injure and degrade her? The gallantry of man to the other sex, is simply a narrow class-feeling, not a sentiment as universal as the eyes and breath, and language and motions of women. It is the principle that stands by its order, and stops there. The lady drops her glove and a dozen cavaliers would sacrifice theirs, how white and well fitted soever, in the dust, to spare her the fatigue of even glancing at it where it lies; but the cavalier who drops his glove on the staircase, will allow any waiting-maid in the house to descend and pick it up for him. He will rush with an armful of shawls to save the lady "of his order" from a breath of air too much, in her way from the door to her carriage, but you shall observe afterwards, that he is not at all shocked when the maid-servant runs out to bring his umbrella. He must not serve his sister so, he does not serve his wife so; still less would he dream of serving his friend's wife so; but what care he for Sue? "Who on earth," would the man of gallantry internally exclaim, if required to feel himself a hairs-breadth out of the way; —"who on earth I should like to know, is Sue!" That she was woman, would go exactly for nothing.

J. S. G.

Hanover, Pa., March 15, 1856.

For The Lily.

Extract from a Letter.

"Troubles, deep, soul and heart crushing, have been my lot for the last few weeks. *Living troubles*, which bear no comparison to the bereavement we experience when our idols lay off the habiliments of mortality, and enter another state of existence, for the angel wings of faith and hope then surround us, and we bear to live on, knowing that we shall meet them again in that far betler land, and renew the bonds of affection which here linked our hearts in one.

Oh! that I were at liberty to pour my wrongs and sorrows into your sympathizing bosom. I know it would stimulate you, as well as other noble hearts, who are laboring to redeem our sex from thraldom and tyranny.

But the world is asleep, and human hearts are writhing in agony. False systems and doctrines have encompassed us about, with thick darkness, and only now and then a suffering, mangled soul—made strong by the indignities and injustice heaped upon it, breaks through the almost impenetrable wall of custom and law, and dares to advocate truth, which bringeth life and happiness.

For two years I have struggled in weariness of spirit, with but a faint glimmering of light, and a weak assurance that I should eventually emerge into a quiet heart-home of happiness, and furl my pinions in a glorious destiny. And yet, I am in bondage. But thanks to my Heavenly Father, who has given me a heart to labor and to toil, I have as yet successfully combatted the dark waues of despair, which have been gathering around me, and I still believe that brighter days are yet in store for me. But Hope! the angel of freedom and chosen messenger from the realms of the blest, in the deep night watches infused into my heart, joy and peace, in believing and the assurance of eternal salvation.

But I am digressing from the object of my note. I have some little hope of traveling the coming fall and winter, should an opportunity for which I am seeking open favorable, and if so, shall try to give you something of interest often, and shall hope to extend your list of subscribers to many States. My contemplated journey is South and West. I may yet be able to give you the warm clasp of a friendly hand in your own sanctum; but all things are uncertain.

Woman's Position.

Since the primitive age of the church, however, the condition of woman shared in the slow progress of religious ideas generally. Civilization has never more than partiality realized Christianity. But the advance it has experienced was in an institution which superficial judgements have often instanced as promoting it,—the chivalry of the middle ages. The honor paid by knighterrantry to woman was a false honor; the hollow complaisance of the courtier covered a low style of morals; and the romance of chivalry was rather the flattering gallantry of passion than an honest substantial recognition of woman's actual worth. It was this chivalry that has too much given law and fashion to the relation of the sex ever since,—substituting the forms of effeminate courtesy for sterling respect, and bringing in that foolish style of manners where women are fawned upon with empty compliments and polite nothings, instead of being frankly met with intelligence, good sense, and genuine deference.

The next great impulse was given to female culture when the Saxon element began to be felt in history, and out of the German forests came forth those staunch hearts and heroic hands that were henceforth to rule the destinies of Christendom. They were true respectors of women. They were the first people that, independently of Christianity, rendered to her her natural rights. They made her a companion, a counsellor, a confident,—not a servant, a mistress, nor a doll. And, when Christianity came and grafted its heavenly spirit on that noble stock, new examples began to be witnessed of female capacity and character. The church was never, indeed without its female saints and heroines; though only a few, those of Theresa, Catherine, Adorna, Madam Gayon, and Joan of Arc, have travelled down to us from the Catholic ages. Protestantism has its highest illustration of dauntless courage, genius, and piety, in letters, art, and philanthropy, from such as Lady Russel and Hannah Moore; Dorothy Dix and Elizabeth Fry, Frederika Bremer and Hannah Adams. It is unquestionable, that loftier and more abundant examples of high-hearted womanhood are living to-day than in any hour of history before.—*Religious Magazine.*

Dress Reform Convention.

On Thursday and Friday, February 21 and 22, a convention, numbering over one hundred persons, met at Glen Haven Water Cure, to take measures for the advancement of reform in woman's dress.

Dr. J. C. Jackson presided at the informal meeting and Mrs. C. A. Joy over the organized convention.

A very able and calmly written address was read by Dr. Harriet N. Austin, which, we understand, will be published in tract form.

The Report of the Committee on Resolutions elicited quite animated speeches from Misses Jackson, Porter, Vashon, Brockett, Wadleigh, Knight, Brewster, Everett; Mrs. Joy, Mrs. Knight, and Miss Donovan.

A "National Dress Reform Association" was formed, whose members comprised residents of ten different States. The objects of the Association, as declared in the Constitution, are, "to induce a reform in woman's dress, especially in long skirts, tight waists, and all styles and modes which are incompatible with the good health, refined taste, simplicity, economy, and beauty."

One hundred and seventy dollars were raised by the Association as a basis for present operations.

Of the Association Mrs. Charlotte A. Joy is President; Dr. H. N. Austin, Glen Haven, Cayuga Co., N. Y., is chief Corresponding Secretary; J. C. Jackson, Chairman Ex. Com. It is decided to hold a National Dress Reform Convention the third Wednesday in June, probably at Syracuse or Homer.

Thus a positive step has been taken for the advancement of this reform.

It is believed that there are hundreds of men and women in this country who will rejoice at what has been done, and will gladly assist in the progress of the cause.—*Life Illustrated.*

Flowers.—Passing through one of our by estreets last autumn, we were preceded by a group of boys rollicking through the streets, after the fashion of the candidates for bowery distinction. Just as we reached them their boisterous merriment was checked by the sight of a quantity of flowers—the refuse of a neighboring garden thrown out into the street. They were the commonest kind of flowers—merigolds, &c.,—yet none the less beautiful for being common. The boys made a simultaneous rush for them, not with pushing and squabbling, as they would have done for coppers or "valuables," but with eagerness. One, keener-eyed than the rest, secured the gems of the collection, and the disappointed gathered round him with as great an intensity of satisfaction, as though themselves had been the fortunate finders. "Oh, ain't they pretty," in various keys burst from their hearts, and so, locked arm in arm, they strolled slowly down the street, still admiring, but not as before, boisterous, rowdying. Their voices were softened, and their bearing harmonized, and we lost sight of them, bettered, we doubt not, if only for the moment. Yet if bettered, then bettered forever.

Could we but throw more flowers in the way of earth's unfortunates, who can tell what might been done by the over-growing, never satiated thirst for Beauty? The softened tones and quiet manner of those rude boys, passing arm and arm through the city streets, their whole souls poured out on a handful of cast-away flowers, was in itself the flowering of a better deed, a Beauty which the highest sense will feel. For ourselves we reverenced flowers more than ever, they seemed texts dropped from the Evangel of Art.—*Crayon.*

From the Ladies' Enterprise.

ACORNS

BY SHARASIA BETHEL.

I know of a majestic forest of oaks. As soon as the blue of the skies begins to grow brighter and warmer, it flings out innumerable green leaves to catch the kisses that the light footed Spring tosses from her fragile fingers. There and then the appreciative observer may find millions of little pleasant prophesies—broad acres of hopeful suggestions.

In summer, the prophecies are fulfilled—the delicate suggestions give place to visible facts.—There are found shelter from the fervor of the summer sun, and protection from the sudded fall of the summer rain. It gracefully dallies with the gay breeze, stretching out its arms and drawing them slowly back, as though wooing its embraces. In the gale it becomes a sea of grandeur and rolls up great emerald waves into the dark air.

In autumn, like a doughty knight, it flings off its green cloak and battles bravely with the fierce blast. Unbroken, unbowed, it bears itself proudly in the presence of Winter, and wins a thousand jeweled coronets.

But the forest with all its grandeur and its uncounted uses, would never have been, had not there dropped upon the earth where it stands, innumerable tiny acorns.

And all the wealth of peace and purity, of loveliness and grandeur that belongs to human society in the present, (for ridicule as we will the follies and frailties that yet remain, every candid thinker must acknowledge that the state of human existence in those respects is far above zero,) has sprung from little germs—from tiny beginnings. In this moral field, none are so insignificant as not to be of vast use—none so feeble that they cannot plant an acorn.

It is the dread hour of temptation with some young person. The syren's seductive voice is loud and clear and sweet. The paths of virtue look cold and climbing. For the time, a virtuous life seems unsocial and cheerless. As you love the true and the good, dear reader, throw the warm arms of friendly regard around the lonely soul of the struggler. Plant an acorn. Haply, ere the life just begun shall brilliantly close, the world will have had cause to bless you a thousand times.

A child stops amid its play. The shadow of the hovering wings of some of life's eminent mysteries, lies on its smooth brow and on its violet eyes. It thinks, and wonders, and comes to you with a question. Do not put it away with an impatient gesture. Do not say "Don't tease me, child; I don't know." The soil and the season propitous—drop an acorn. See if you really do not know; and, if you really do not know, then give your purest, sublimest faith.

Your life-time companion may be weary with many cares—sick with many deferred hopes, many downright, lasting disappointments—dispirited by bodily illness. Do not get used to such things.—Do not say you cannot help it. Do not let the occasion pass unimproved. Remembering the pure, bright hopes, and exalted resolutions of the betrothal, give to him your kindest smile—speak to him your best thought.

There is one blessed with rare gifts, and chastened by rare sorrows. His exquisite organism thrills at the lightest touch. That which you would brush from your breast as lightly as though it were the feather of a passing, moulting bird, has deeply wounded him. Do not mutter to yourself that he is a fool. His sorrows are as real to him as your heaviest anguish is to you. Do not foolishly flatter him; but be true and be generous. And the hour that he might have spent in endeavoring to overcome an obstacle, in combatting temptation, is consoled and glorified by the birth of a hope and a song; and the warm touch of the former, and the music of the latter, shall thrill, pleasantly, a thousand hearts, and in their turn serve to inspire, or sustain, or consummate, some high purpose, some noble principle, some generous enterprise; and these last, through multied and ilmultiplying channels, shall convey the impulse down—down—down though the years of time, until, at last, in the ocean of eternity, all powers to measure the widening circles of its influence is lost.

Let us all plant acorns—especially let those who dolefully complain of the coldness and bleakness of the world. A pleasant smile, a gentle tone, a true word kindly spoken, is an acorn. Let us drop one wherever we go. We may not see the oak at once. Yet it is no token that the acorn is not germinating. Let us all plant acorns, and let us begin this hour.

From the Ladies' Temperance Wreath.

From Vermillion County.

MRS. EDITRESS:—I take the liberty to inform your readers of the following incidents in the Temperance Reform struggling in our village, since the operation of the new law. About that time a league was formed in the village to secure its more effectual execution. Its prominent features were: First a solemn pledge, obliging all its members to maintain a constant war with the iniquitous traffic for unlawful purposes; particularly informing and testifying, without reserve, all they know, which may contribute to the arrest and conviction of every illegal trader; and also to contribute their proportion of the necessary expenses of the League. Secondly: Convening a Mass Meeting, once, at least, in every Quarter in which the Principle of Prohibition was to be publicly deferred.

The practical operation of the new Law was found to be in itself so salutary, that for months the League had very little to do. Open intemperance disappeared at once from our village and its vicinity. The public safety, in this respect, was considered so secure that it was found difficult to arouse the people, as a body, from the temperance lethargy into which they, just then, had unhappily sunk.

Soon, however, after the first opinion of Judge Perkins, adverse to the constitutionality of the law, became generally known, it began to be rumored that a grocery was opened, at which liquor was sold, through a secret agent, who went his rounds for the purpose of distributing poisons, at 10 o'clock at night, when the unsuspecting community were, mostly, asleep. The effect of the subsequent decision of the whole Supreme Court in the Beebe case, was the open and unblushing sale of highly adulterated whisky, at an extravagant price. Inebriates, who, with considerable effort, had been induced to sign the pledge and join the Temperance Orders, were again overcome and expelled—were of course, deprived of the salutary aid of Temperance associates, with which their virtue was guarded. Revolting scenes of debauchery and drunken street fights soon began to annoy us, and on Christmas Eve, a number of the dear youth of our village, some in families of some prominence, were found drunk in our streets.

The league, however, were, by means of the valuable professional help of our faithful District Attorney, enabled to have the guilty authors of this revolting outrage, arrested, tried and convicted, before the Court of Common Pleas.—One of the poison-sellers, after being fined fifty dollars besides costs, for selling to minors, five dollars more for coming into Court drunk, and two dollars for resisting the Sheriff in his arrest, made his escape from the Sheriff who had him in charge while at dinner. But for that escape, (as is supposed into the State of Illinois,) he would have been tried in the afternoon on his second indictment. The second poison-seller was fined fifty dollars and costs on his first indictment. The farther prosecution of several other indictments against him were suspended, on his solemn promise to sell no more rum; with the understanding that they are to oe vigorously prosecuted in case he is detected in breaking his word.

The above narrative suggests to my mind the following reflection:

1st. The importance of leagues extensively formed throughout our State, for the purpose of enforcing the Temperance laws, according to the maxim—"in peace prepare for war." All among us now see and acknowledge the happy efficacy of our organization. It inspired those who led in this prosecution, with a celerity, boldness, energy and confidence in the efforts which we trust have stopped the pernicious rum-trade, they would not otherwise have possessed; especially such a crises in which the community generally were at first asleep to the evil which threatened, and in which few could discern the proper steps necessary to obtain redress.

2d. The experiment shows that something can be done, even in Indiana, by well directed efforts wisely put forth, to secure an execution of the wreck that is left of the new and old Temperance laws of the State. The more of the former that is set aside by the late decision of the Supreme Court, the more of the latter must remain in force. Because only, the portions of the latter which conflict with the former are repealed.

3d. Our prominent remedy for those evils, is to carry the Temperance question vigorously to the polls. In our State, the Judges of the Supreme Court are at different intervals elected by a general vote of the whole people. It consequently becomes the sovereign people to weigh well the official acts of these their public servants. As facts show that the fires of intemperance which before raged destructively were extinguished for a season by the new law, proves its salutary efficacy and affords presumptive evidence that it accords with the great principles of human rights which are the foundation of Constitutional law. The fact that the judicial opinions of Judge Perkins and Davidson, did cause the flagrant renewal of those fires to the terrible detriment of the public weal, (causing the flower of our youth to become, in rapid succession, victims of their devouring fury, so that scarcely a family in Perrysville, could tell when their sons were safe,) is, in itself, prima facia evidence that they are erroneous perversions of true Coustitutional law. This presumption of their error is increased when we consider that it was the property ground mainly which underlies their decision. The opinions of those Judges assume the point that property which has been earned and is now used in the unlawful manufacture and sale of spirits is acquired, held and used by a RIGHT of honest ownership, which entitles it, like other property, to the protection of the laws. Whereas, the whole temperance portion of community have been firmly persuaded for this twenty years past, that the manufacture and traffic in Alcoholic drinks, for purposes of beverage, is an immorality; consequently all capital therein, is not held by any RIGHT deserving of legal protection any more than the stolen goods of thieves and robbers. Our Legislature in enacting the law, as well as our Governor in approving of it, have virtually declared their firm convictions of the same. But Judges Perkins and Davidson, by their opinions, have declared to the whole world that they have not yet made the discovery. This is a virtual declaration that they are not Temperance men. Of course they are disqualified for the office of Judges in a State of Temperance men. It cannot be that their opinions are correct.

I think the people of this State owe it to themselves to declare by their votes, as soon as the present judicial terms of those gentleman expire, that Supreme Judges, whose decisions are so repugnant to common sense, and so prolific of appalling evil, not competent to interpret and decide on the Laws and Constitution of our enlightened State. Let the people elect, in their stead learned judges, of integrity and known temperance principles: and see if such expounders will not pronounce the present Law, in all at least its leading features, to be constitutional. This is a question second to none other in importance. Let us see that a ticket of honest Temperance Condidates for Governor, Legislators, Judges of Supreme and Inferior Courts, Mayors of Cities, Justices, Sheriffs, Constables &c, be submitted to the people, and let them take effectual measures to secure the election of such men.

Respectfully Yours,

WM. L. BUFFETT.

Perrysville, Ind.

☞Many persons give to the body the regard which belongs to the mind, and to dress the regard which belong to the body.

WOMAN.

The following speech, by Mr. Oliver C. Hull, in response to a toast in favor of Woman, was spoken at a celebration in New York:

"WOMAN—The faithful companion and co-equal of man; her means of developing her powers should also equal his, and the sphere of her usefulness be bounded only by her abilities."

MR. PRESIDENT,—This sentiment, embodying a principle of such incalculable importance, not only to woman, but to the human race, should find a response in the mind of every intelligent being. In the language of the toast, woman is the faithful companion and co-equal of man. To be his companion in the true sense of the word, she must of *necessity* be his equal, (for we can form no companionship with inferior beings;) and being his equal, she has the same right to all the means of physical, mental and moral development; the right to choose her sphere of action, to make out for *herself* a path through life, and to embrace, either as a source of amusement or subsistence, any occupation or profession for which her abilities may fit her. Had governments, from the outset, been based and administered upon the broad principle of universal equality, the inconsistencies and absurbities, both social and govermental, that surround us on every hand, never could have had an existence; for, though I do not believe equality of rights would prove a specific for *all* the evils that afflict humanity, for there are other reforms needed, yet it would do much to eradicate the degradation, misery, and vice through a long night of ignorance, false teaching, and false morality, have been inflicted upon the world.

Every natural law proclaims woman the companion of man, and he should *blush* to treat her as *less* than his *equal*, yet he practically denies her the very *condition* on which her *true* relationship is based—a condition as much inherent in her nature as in his, for in all that pertains to humanity, in all the interests and responsibilities of life, she is the same as himself. Admit this to be true and she would no longer be regarded as *merely* the accomplished and entertaining associate of man, in his hours of idleness—she would not be erected into a *mere* household *ornament*, nor degraded to a household *drudge*; but standing upon the same plane—having the avenues of learning and useful employment opened before her—she would become possessed of all the rights (her natural inheritance) that man claims exclusively for himself.

Nor would woman *alone* be benefited; for whatever affects her condition, must affect also the condition of man, and a change of this character would tend to harmonize and elevate their natures, their sphere of usefulness would be enlarged, their happiness would become augumented and more perfect, because their connexion would be more rational. It is impossible to estimate how much of the happiness and well being of man depends upon woman, and the relation she bears to him. Throughout all the changes of life—in weal and in woe—in health and in sickness—in affluence and poverty, she is a faithful and enduring friend, rejoicing in his prosperity, sympathizing with and consoling him in adversity; and when disease has prostrated him, and the agony of a broken spirit wrings his brow, she stands, a ministering angel by his side.

Twelve ways of Committing Suicide.

1. Wearing thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights, and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.

2. Leading a life of feeling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to theaters, parties, and balls in all sorts of weather, in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home, without sufficient over-garments, through the cool, damp air.

3. Sleeping on feather beds in seven-by-nine bed-rooms, without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the same small, unventilated bed-room.

4. Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without half masticating the food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors. By personal abuse, and physical and mental excesses of every description.

6. Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction. Cultivating jealousy and domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.

7. Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts, and rich cake. When they are sick by giving them *mercury*, *tartar emetic* and *arsenic*, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not irritant poisons.

8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health. Follow an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and nicetics when the stomach says No, and forcing food into it when nature does not demand, and even rejects it. Gormandizing between meals.

10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing. Giving way to fits of anger.

11. Being irregular in all habits of sleeping and eating. Going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon. Eating too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not apply early for medical advice when disease first appears. Taking celebrated quack medicines to a degree of making a drug shop of the body.

The above causes produce more sickness, suffering and death than all epidemics, malaria, and contagion combined with war, pestilence, and famine. Nearly all who have attained to old age have been remarkable for equanimity of temper, correct habits of diet, drink, and rest—for temperance, cheerfulness, and morality. Physical punishment is sure to visit the transgressor of nature's laws. All commit suicide and cut off many years of their natural life who do not observe the means of preventing disease and of preserving health.—*American Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Written for the Woman's Advocate.

"To learn all things is a privilege of reason, and that with a growing capabillty; but in this age of toil and time, we scarce attain to alphabets."

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How often this truth,—that of the rudimental nature of our highest attainments in knowledge here, forces itself upon the mind when it finds its wings plumed for flights toward lofty wisdom, beating vainly against the bars of its prison house and its most soaring imaginations continually checked and drawn earthward. How the hurrying and jostling cares of life retard and hinder that glorious "privilege of reason," to learn all things! How the continual anxious thought about "what we should eat, what we should drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed," prevents us from quenching our soul's thirst, and bathing them in those fountains of knowledge, which we can see sparkling and brimming before us, while on earth we can hardly hope to taste even the tiniest of their glistening drops.

But, how often we walk as if the temporal were all things; stifling mercilessly the longings of our immortal nature for a gradual expansion, chaining them down to the vanities and trifling pursuits of earth, its love and its ambitions, and worse than all, its sordid seekings after the "gold that perisheth." Yet, how unworthy these pursuits! How little do they fit the soul for its existence in that mysterious realms which lies beyond the narrow borders of the grave which is so near that but the wall of the hesh, so slight, yet so opague; so strong, yet so easily battered down; alone divides us from it. We live as if death were the end of all things, and eternity a fiction; yet there are thoughts and desires within us,—the breathings of our spiritual natures, which gives the lie to our lives, and we can never so stifle them, as to find unmixed felicity in any earthly pursuit that looks, not beyond the bounds of morality for its completion.

Those who have drank most deeply of earth's knowledge, devoted lengthened lives to its pursuits, have paused upon the threshold of eternity to leave their record upon the page of Time, that they, so wondrously elevated above the mass of humanity, had scarce "attained to alphabets."

Few can hope to rival them in knowledge, yet all can in some measure, assist the growing capability of the spiritual nature to "learn all things," can, in a measure, fit it for the higher spheres of that unknown life, where it "shall roam where road is none, a traveller untrammelled, speeding at wish, emancipate, to where the stars are suns!"

There the rudiments of knowledge, gathered by toil from the scanty stores of earth, shall expand and fructify in the spirit's true atmosphere, and spring upward to a loftier wisdom than the clay-bound mind can ever compass in its highest imaginatings. But here with childlike patience it is ours to con the alphabet, and spell the lessons fitted to our comprehension, content even with this, because the day of latter things so surely cometh.

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The following Resolutions were offered and adopted:

Resolved, That we hold the principle wrong of abating nuisances by force without the authority of law. But when all law fails to protect us in our most sacred rights, when it no longer throws its shield of protection around us, but on the contrary when by the operation of the law a set of men are let loose in our midst whose business has the tendency to rob us of our husbands, fathers, and brothers, and when driven to desperation by abuses of which the law says naught. Then in the strength of God will we wrest by force those evils that are ruining our country.

Resolved, That we, the Ladies of Williamsport, after witnessing the evil effects of intemperance that has so long existed in our midst and after having destroyed all the liquor we could find are determined to keep it out of the place.

Resolved, In our opinion, since the Supreme Court of Indiana has assumed the great responsibility of setting aside a large majority of the voters of the State and nearly the entire will of our Mothers and Sisters in so pronouncing upon the great Temperance law of '54 and '55 as to make a dead letter in the hands of the lawless and unprincipled in raising the flood-gates of vice and intemperance all over our blessed land, we will therefore on our part with the aid of all lovers of humanity do all in our power to remove the evil from our land.

Resolved, That the Ladies of this meeting will form ourselves into a Committee to watch these rumselling establishments and as soon as the monster is discovered destroyed it.

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March 17, 1856.

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☞Wish chastely, and love dearly.

From the Ladies' Enterprise.

ACORNS

BY SHARASIA BETHEL.

I know of a majestic forest of oaks. As soon as the blue of the skies begins to grow brighter and warmer, it flings out innumerable green leaves to catch the kisses that the light footed Spring tosses from her fragile fingers. There and then the appreciative observer may find millions of little pleasant prophesies—broad acres of hopeful suggestions.

In summer, the prophecies are fulfilled—the delicate suggestions give place to visible facts.—There are found shelter from the fervor of the summer sun, and protection from the sudded fall of the summer rain. It gracefully dallies with the gay breeze, stretching out its arms and drawing them slowly back, as though wooing its embraces. In the gale it becomes a sea of grandeur and rolls up great emerald waves into the dark air.

In autumn, like a doughty knight, it flings off its green cloak and battles bravely with the fierce blast. Unbroken, unbowed, it bears itself proudly in the presence of Winter, and wins a thousand jeweled coronets.

But the forest with all its grandeur and its uncounted uses, would never have been, had not there dropped upon the earth where it stands, innumerable tiny acorns.

And all the wealth of peace and purity, of loveliness and grandeur that belongs to human society in the present, (for ridicule as we will the follies and frailties that yet remain, every candid thinker must acknowledge that the state of human existence in those respects is far above zero,) has sprung from little germs—from tiny beginnings. In this moral field, none are so insignificant as not to be of vast use—none so feeble that they cannot plant an acorn.

It is the dread hour of temptation with some young person. The syren's seductive voice is loud and clear and sweet. The paths of virtue look cold and climbing. For the time, a virtuous life seems unsocial and cheerless. As you love the true and the good, dear reader, throw the warm arms of friendly regard around the lonely soul of the struggler. Plant an acorn. Haply, ere the life just begun shall brilliantly close, the world will have had cause to bless you a thousand times.

A child stops amid its play. The shadow of the hovering wings of some of life's eminent mysteries, lies on its smooth brow and on its violet eyes. It thinks, and wonders, and comes to you with a question. Do not put it away with an impatient gesture. Do not say "Don't tease me, child; I don't know." The soil and the season propitous—drop an acorn. See if you really do not know; and, if you really do not know, then give your purest, sublimest faith.

Your life-time companion may be weary with many cares—sick with many deferred hopes, many downright, lasting disappointments—dispirited by bodily illness. Do not get used to such things.—Do not say you cannot help it. Do not let the occasion pass unimproved. Remembering the pure, bright hopes, and exalted resolutions of the betrothal, give to him your kindest smile—speak to him your best thought.

There is one blessed with rare gifts, and chastened by rare sorrows. His exquisite organism thrills at the lightest touch. That which you would brush from your breast as lightly as though it were the feather of a passing, moulting bird, has deeply wounded him. Do not mutter to yourself that he is a fool. His sorrows are as real to him as your heaviest anguish is to you. Do not foolishly flatter him; but be true and be generous. And the hour that he might have spent in endeavoring to overcome an obstacle, in combatting temptation, is consoled and glorified by the birth of a hope and a song; and the warm touch of the former, and the music of the latter, shall thrill, pleasantly, a thousand hearts, and in their turn serve to inspire, or sustain, or consummate, some high purpose, some noble principle, some generous enterprise; and these last, through multied and ilmultiplying channels, shall convey the impulse down—down—down though the years of time, until, at last, in the ocean of eternity, all powers to measure the widening circles of its influence is lost.

Let us all plant acorns—especially let those who dolefully complain of the coldness and bleakness of the world. A pleasant smile, a gentle tone, a true word kindly spoken, is an acorn. Let us drop one wherever we go. We may not see the oak at once. Yet it is no token that the acorn is not germinating. Let us all plant acorns, and let us begin this hour.

From the Ladies' Temperance Wreath.

From Vermillion County.

MRS. EDITRESS:—I take the liberty to inform your readers of the following incidents in the Temperance Reform struggling in our village, since the operation of the new law. About that time a league was formed in the village to secure its more effectual execution. Its prominent features were: First a solemn pledge, obliging all its members to maintain a constant war with the iniquitous traffic for unlawful purposes; particularly informing and testifying, without reserve, all they know, which may contribute to the arrest and conviction of every illegal trader; and also to contribute their proportion of the necessary expenses of the League. Secondly: Convening a Mass Meeting, once, at least, in every Quarter in which the Principle of Prohibition was to be publicly deferred.

The practical operation of the new Law was found to be in itself so salutary, that for months the League had very little to do. Open intemperance disappeared at once from our village and its vicinity. The public safety, in this respect, was considered so secure that it was found difficult to arouse the people, as a body, from the temperance lethargy into which they, just then, had unhappily sunk.

Soon, however, after the first opinion of Judge Perkins, adverse to the constitutionality of the law, became generally known, it began to be rumored that a grocery was opened, at which liquor was sold, through a secret agent, who went his rounds for the purpose of distributing poisons, at 10 o'clock at night, when the unsuspecting community were, mostly, asleep. The effect of the subsequent decision of the whole Supreme Court in the Beebe case, was the open and unblushing sale of highly adulterated whisky, at an extravagant price. Inebriates, who, with considerable effort, had been induced to sign the pledge and join the Temperance Orders, were again overcome and expelled—were of course, deprived of the salutary aid of Temperance associates, with which their virtue was guarded. Revolting scenes of debauchery and drunken street fights soon began to annoy us, and on Christmas Eve, a number of the dear youth of our village, some in families of some prominence, were found drunk in our streets.

The league, however, were, by means of the valuable professional help of our faithful District Attorney, enabled to have the guilty authors of this revolting outrage, arrested, tried and convicted, before the Court of Common Pleas.—One of the poison-sellers, after being fined fifty dollars besides costs, for selling to minors, five dollars more for coming into Court drunk, and two dollars for resisting the Sheriff in his arrest, made his escape from the Sheriff who had him in charge while at dinner. But for that escape, (as is supposed into the State of Illinois,) he would have been tried in the afternoon on his second indictment. The second poison-seller was fined fifty dollars and costs on his first indictment. The farther prosecution of several other indictments against him were suspended, on his solemn promise to sell no more rum; with the understanding that they are to oe vigorously prosecuted in case he is detected in breaking his word.

The above narrative suggests to my mind the following reflection:

1st. The importance of leagues extensively formed throughout our State, for the purpose of enforcing the Temperance laws, according to the maxim—"in peace prepare for war." All among us now see and acknowledge the happy efficacy of our organization. It inspired those who led in this prosecution, with a celerity, boldness, energy and confidence in the efforts which we trust have stopped the pernicious rum-trade, they would not otherwise have possessed; especially such a crises in which the community generally were at first asleep to the evil which threatened, and in which few could discern the proper steps necessary to obtain redress.

2d. The experiment shows that something can be done, even in Indiana, by well directed efforts wisely put forth, to secure an execution of the wreck that is left of the new and old Temperance laws of the State. The more of the former that is set aside by the late decision of the Supreme Court, the more of the latter must remain in force. Because only, the portions of the latter which conflict with the former are repealed.

3d. Our prominent remedy for those evils, is to carry the Temperance question vigorously to the polls. In our State, the Judges of the Supreme Court are at different intervals elected by a general vote of the whole people. It consequently becomes the sovereign people to weigh well the official acts of these their public servants. As facts show that the fires of intemperance which before raged destructively were extinguished for a season by the new law, proves its salutary efficacy and affords presumptive evidence that it accords with the great principles of human rights which are the foundation of Constitutional law. The fact that the judicial opinions of Judge Perkins and Davidson, did cause the flagrant renewal of those fires to the terrible detriment of the public weal, (causing the flower of our youth to become, in rapid succession, victims of their devouring fury, so that scarcely a family in Perrysville, could tell when their sons were safe,) is, in itself, prima facia evidence that they are erroneous perversions of true Coustitutional law. This presumption of their error is increased when we consider that it was the property ground mainly which underlies their decision. The opinions of those Judges assume the point that property which has been earned and is now used in the unlawful manufacture and sale of spirits is acquired, held and used by a RIGHT of honest ownership, which entitles it, like other property, to the protection of the laws. Whereas, the whole temperance portion of community have been firmly persuaded for this twenty years past, that the manufacture and traffic in Alcoholic drinks, for purposes of beverage, is an immorality; consequently all capital therein, is not held by any RIGHT deserving of legal protection any more than the stolen goods of thieves and robbers. Our Legislature in enacting the law, as well as our Governor in approving of it, have virtually declared their firm convictions of the same. But Judges Perkins and Davidson, by their opinions, have declared to the whole world that they have not yet made the discovery. This is a virtual declaration that they are not Temperance men. Of course they are disqualified for the office of Judges in a State of Temperance men. It cannot be that their opinions are correct.

I think the people of this State owe it to themselves to declare by their votes, as soon as the present judicial terms of those gentleman expire, that Supreme Judges, whose decisions are so repugnant to common sense, and so prolific of appalling evil, not competent to interpret and decide on the Laws and Constitution of our enlightened State. Let the people elect, in their stead learned judges, of integrity and known temperance principles: and see if such expounders will not pronounce the present Law, in all at least its leading features, to be constitutional. This is a question second to none other in importance. Let us see that a ticket of honest Temperance Condidates for Governor, Legislators, Judges of Supreme and Inferior Courts, Mayors of Cities, Justices, Sheriffs, Constables &c, be submitted to the people, and let them take effectual measures to secure the election of such men.

Respectfully Yours,

WM. L. BUFFETT.

Perrysville, Ind.

☞Many persons give to the body the regard which belongs to the mind, and to dress the regard which belong to the body.

WOMAN.

The following speech, by Mr. Oliver C. Hull, in response to a toast in favor of Woman, was spoken at a celebration in New York:

"WOMAN—The faithful companion and co-equal of man; her means of developing her powers should also equal his, and the sphere of her usefulness be bounded only by her abilities."

MR. PRESIDENT,—This sentiment, embodying a principle of such incalculable importance, not only to woman, but to the human race, should find a response in the mind of every intelligent being. In the language of the toast, woman is the faithful companion and co-equal of man. To be his companion in the true sense of the word, she must of *necessity* be his equal, (for we can form no companionship with inferior beings;) and being his equal, she has the same right to all the means of physical, mental and moral development; the right to choose her sphere of action, to make out for *herself* a path through life, and to embrace, either as a source of amusement or subsistence, any occupation or profession for which her abilities may fit her. Had governments, from the outset, been based and administered upon the broad principle of universal equality, the inconsistencies and absurbities, both social and govermental, that surround us on every hand, never could have had an existence; for, though I do not believe equality of rights would prove a specific for *all* the evils that afflict humanity, for there are other reforms needed, yet it would do much to eradicate the degradation, misery, and vice through a long night of ignorance, false teaching, and false morality, have been inflicted upon the world.

Every natural law proclaims woman the companion of man, and he should *blush* to treat her as *less* than his *equal*, yet he practically denies her the very *condition* on which her *true* relationship is based—a condition as much inherent in her nature as in his, for in all that pertains to humanity, in all the interests and responsibilities of life, she is the same as himself. Admit this to be true and she would no longer be regarded as *merely* the accomplished and entertaining associate of man, in his hours of idleness—she would not be erected into a *mere* household *ornament*, nor degraded to a household *drudge*; but standing upon the same plane—having the avenues of learning and useful employment opened before her—she would become possessed of all the rights (her natural inheritance) that man claims exclusively for himself.

Nor would woman *alone* be benefited; for whatever affects her condition, must affect also the condition of man, and a change of this character would tend to harmonize and elevate their natures, their sphere of usefulness would be enlarged, their happiness would become augumented and more perfect, because their connexion would be more rational. It is impossible to estimate how much of the happiness and well being of man depends upon woman, and the relation she bears to him. Throughout all the changes of life—in weal and in woe—in health and in sickness—in affluence and poverty, she is a faithful and enduring friend, rejoicing in his prosperity, sympathizing with and consoling him in adversity; and when disease has prostrated him, and the agony of a broken spirit wrings his brow, she stands, a ministering angel by his side.

Twelve ways of Committing Suicide.

1. Wearing thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights, and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.

2. Leading a life of feeling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to theaters, parties, and balls in all sorts of weather, in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home, without sufficient over-garments, through the cool, damp air.

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Ekglshwomen's Petition to Parliament.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

The following is a petition to be presented to both Houses of Parliament, for which signatures of women are requested:

To the Honorable the House of Commons, in Parliament assembled, the petition of the undersigned Women, of Great Britain, married and single,

Humbly Sheweth, that the manifold evils occasioned by the present law, by which the property and earnings of the wife are thrown into the absolute power of the husband, becomes daily more apparent. That the suffering thereupon ensuing extend over all classes of society. That it might once have been deemed for the middle and upper ranks a a question, but it is so no longer, since married women of education are entering on every side the fields of literature and art, in order to increase the family income by such exertions.

That it is usual when a daughter marries in these ranks to make, if possible, some distinct pecuniary provision for her and her children, and to secure the money thus set aside by a cumbrous machinery of trusteeship, proving that few parents are willing entirely to entrust their offspring to the irresponsible power of the husband, to the chances of his character, his wisdom, and his success in a profession.

That another device for the protection of women, who can afford to appeal, exists in the actions of the court of equity, which attempts within certain limits to redress the deficiencies of the law; but that Trustees may proue dishonest or unwise in the management of the funds intrusted to their care, and courts of equity may fail in adjusting differences which concern the most intimate and delicate relation of life; that legal devices, patched upon a law which is radically unjust, can only work clumsily, and that here, as well as in many other departments of justice a clearance of the ground is the chief thing necessary. That since this is a truth, which has gradually come to be recognized in regard to protective restrictions upon trade, to titles of property in land, and to the legal machinery for conveying such property from one owner to another, &c., we would hope that before long it will also come to be recognized in matrimonial legislation.

That it is proved by well-known cases of hardship suffered by women of station, and also by professional women earning large incomes by pursuit of the arts, how real is the injury inflicted.

That these laws often bear heavily upon women, protected by the forethought of their relatives, the social training of their husbands, and the refined customs of the rank to which they belong, how much more unequivocal is the injury sustained by women in the lower classes, for whom no such provision can be made by their parents, who possess no means of appeal to expensive legal protection, and in regard to whom the education of the husband and the habits of his associates offer no moral guarantee for tender consideration of a wife?

That whereas it is customary in manufacturing districts to employ women largely in the processes of trade, and as women are also engaged as seamstresses, laundresses, charwomen, and in other multifarious occupations which cannot here be enumerated, the question must be recognized by all as a practical importance.

That newspapers constantly detail instances of marital oppression; "wife-beating" being a new compound word lately introduced into the English language, and a crime against which English gentlemen have lately enacted stringent regulations.

But that for the robbery by a man of his wife's hard earnings there is no redress—against the selfishness of a drunken father, who wrings from a mother her children's daily bread, there is no appeal. She may work from morning till night, to see the produce of her labor wrested from her and wasted in a gin-palace; and such cases are within the knowledge of every one.

That the law, in depriving the mother of all pecuniary resources, deprives her of the power of giving schooling to her children, and in other ways providing for their moral and physical welfare, it obliges her, in short, to leave them to the temptations of the street, so fruitful in juvenile crime.

That there are certain portions of the law of husband and wife which bear unjustly on the husband; as, for instance, that making him responsible for his wife's debts contracted before marriage, even although he may have had no fortune with her. Her power also, after marriage, of contracting debts in the name of her husband, for which he is responsible, is too unlimited, and often produces much injustice.

That in rendering the husband responsible for the entire maintenance of his family, the law expresses the necessities of an age when the man was the only money-getting agent; but that since the custom of the country has greatly changed in this respect the position of the female sex, the law of maintenance no longer meets the whole case. That since modern civilization, in indefinitely extending the sphere of occupation for women, has in some measure broken down their pecuniary dependence, upon men, it is time that legal protection be thrown over the produce of their labor, and that in entering the state of marriage they no longer pass from freedom into the condition of a slave, all whose earnings belong to his master and not to herself.

That the laws of various foreign countries are in this respect much more just than our own, and afford precedent for a more liberal legislation than prevails in England; and your petitioners therefore humbly pray that your honorable House will take the foregoing allegations into consideration, and apply such remedy as to its wisdom shall seem fit.

Ladies sanctioning the above:—Anna Blackwell, Isa Blagden, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Sarianna Browning, Mrs. Carlyle, Mary Cowden Clarke, Charlotte Cushman, Amelia B. Edwards, Eliza F. Fox, Mrs. Gaskell, Matilda M. Hays, Mary Howitt, Anna Mary Howitt, Anna Jameson, Geraldine Jewsbury, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Lovell, Harriet Martineau, the Hon. Julia Maynard, Mary Mohl, Bessie Rayner Parkes, Mrs. Reid, Barbara Leigh Smith, Miss Sturch.

The Philosophy of Sneezing.

A sneeze always indicates that there is something wrong. It does not recur in health, unless some foreign agent irritates the membrains of the nasal passages, upon which the nervous filaments are distributed. In cases of cold, or what is termed influenza, these are unduly excitable, and hence the repeated sneezing which then occur. The nose receives three sets of nerves; the nerves of smell, those of feeling, and those of motion. The former communicate to the brain the odorous properties of the substances with which they come into contact, in a diffused or consentrated state, the second communicates the impressions of touch; the move they muscles of the nose, but the power of those muscles is very limited. When a sneeze occurs, all these faculties are excited in a high degree.—A grain of snuff excites the olfactory nerves, which dispatch to the brain the intelligence that "snuff has attacked the nostril!" The brain instantly sends a mandate through the motor nerves to the muscles, saying, "cast it out!" and the result is unmistakable.

So offensive is the enemy beseiging the nostril held to be, that the nose is not left to its own defence. It were too feeble to accomplesh this. An allied army of muscles join in the rescue; nearly one half of the body are uses against the intruder; from the muscles of the lips to those of the abdomen, all unite in the effort for the expulsion of the grain of snuff. The lung becomes fully inflated, the abdominal organs are pressed downwards, and the veil of the palate drops down to form a barrier to the escape of air through the mouth, and now all the muscles which have relaxed for the purpose, contract simultaneously, and force the compressed air from the lungs in a torrent out through the nasal passages, with the benevolent determination to sweep away the particle of snuff which is causing irritation therein. Such, then, is the complicated action of a sneeze; and if the first effort does not succeed, then follows a second, a third and a fourth, and until victory is achieved do the army of defenders dissolve their compact and settle down into the enjoyment of peace and quietude.

STARTLING IGNORANCE.—The Baltimore Patriot has the following with reference to the state of education in Maryland:

Too long has Maryland been remiss in providing for her the intellectual wants of the poorer classes of her population; and to prove this beyond controversy, we purpose to reeapltulate afew startling facts.

There are within the limits of the State, according to the last census, seventeen thousand four hundred and fifty-one foreigners—making in the aggregate twenty-thousand eight hundred and fifteen persons—who can neither read nor write.—Scattered over eight counties of the State, with an aggregate white population of about eight thousand, there are but fourteen public schools, averaging about thirty four pupils to each school. There are, of course, some private schools in these counties, but the entire number of children attending school at all, does not average more than one child to each family of seven persons.

The head of every third family throughout the whole State can neither read nor write. More than ten thousand men exercise the right of suffrage in Maryland who are utterly unable to read the names of the candidates for whom they vote.

MARRIED WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN KENTUCKY.—The following has become a law in Kentucky:

"The Circuit Courts of this Commonwealth, and other Courts have equity jurisdiction equal to the preset equity jurisdiction of Circuit Courts, may, upon the petition of a married woman, to which her husband shall be a party, render a judgment authorizing her, in her own name, to transact business, and to receive and collect her own earnings and those of her minor children, for her support and the support and education of her children, free from the control or interference of her husband, or of any person claiming to act by his authority, and from his debts and liabilities. But before the judgment is rendered, the Court shall be satisfied judicially, that the husband, from drunkenness, profligacy, or other cause, neglects, refuses, or is unable to provide for the support of his wife, and for the support and education of her minor children.